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SUNDAY, MAY 6, 1917.

Rulers of Coal and Iron

Coal and iron, being two chief elements entering into almost all the combinations of industry, must have the right of way. It is natural that the first step of the National Defense Council should be in this direction. In selecting a member of the coal trade for the post of fuel controller the council will do the obviously right thing for a body whose powers are wholly advisory. The coal trade will listen with more heed to the proposals of a man who has the routine knowledge of the business at his finger tips.

The same consideration should apply to the choice of a man or men to guide the iron and steel industries. The men who obtain these posts will in a sense make their own positions, acquiring power in proportion to the extent to which they convince the public that they are subordinating each of the trades to emergency service.

Anti-American

By voting against the emergency war appropriation bill in the House Meyer London, Representative from the Twelfth New York Congress district, Manhattan, proved himself the sole anti-American surrounded entirely by straight Americans. His was the only vote in the negative. On selective conscription and other issues his influence has been uniformly on the side which would give aid and comfort to Germany.

In view of these facts the proposal that London, as a representative of the Socialist party, be added to the commission which the United States will send to Russia shortly is nothing short of monstrous. His sympathies are too clearly with the dark influences in Russia which are now working against America and in the interest of Germany. There is no objection to the presence of a Socialist on the Russian commission, but surely it is possible to find for such service a Socialist who is first of all pro-American.

Berlin appears to have had no difficulty in finding for confidential service in Russia a Socialist who is first of all pro-German.

Fighting the U-Boat Peril

The measures which are being taken at Washington to grapple with the U-boat danger in concert with our allies appear to be as wise as they promise to be energetic. First, the flow of food material and war munitions to France and Great Britain is to be kept up regardless of losses. Secondly, a comprehensive and determined drive is to be made to clear the seas of German submarines by their capture and destruction. The two efforts can be pursued both jointly and separately. Every cargo boat carrying freight to Europe will be armed so as to be a terror to the Kaiser's piratical craft. But, in addition, swarms of light boats will be used to hunt for the marauders and make it impossible for them to keep the seas.

There can be no question that this anti-U-boat campaign is the prime necessity and duty of the hour. In fact almost everything else, but above all American assistance in the defeat of Germany, depends upon it. In so far as France and England depend upon this country for the means to keep their population in working and their armies in fighting trim, it is obvious there must be a reasonably safe road through the high seas for the transportation of material. As a preliminary to the dispatch of American troops to the front, the ocean must be cleared of the besetting peril. We cannot afford to have lives wasted by attack from the depths, without military opportunity or military advantage.

The great difficulty in the problem of the U-boat is their elusiveness, their surpassing possibilities of evading detection until they are ready to strike and of rapid concealment when danger threatens them. Two methods of overcoming this difficulty are first to make it dangerous if not fatal for them to appear on the surface anywhere within striking range of a possible victim, and second, to so multiply the agencies bent on destroying them that they can safely emerge in no region of the seas. The former of these methods means in plain language the effective arming of every ship that enters the war zone. The second means the sprinkling over a vast area of sea a fleet of small, swift warships, with guns powerful enough to settle a submarine, always in touch with each other and sweeping the surface unceasingly for the least sign of the enemy.

In the face of such opposition the U-boats will presently become ineffective. Their opportunity of striking will be minimized. They will be unable to keep the sea. They will be killed off at a rate that Germany has neither money, plant, nor men to

counterbalance. The task of the American Government, as thus stated, is not an easy one. But it is possible. What is needed to make it effective is work, action. The plan is made, the program is drafted. Let us now get busy and carry it out.

The "Conscientious Objector"

Everybody respects the Quakers. Their doctrine of abstention from war is one that martyrs among them have sealed with their blood. The objection to taking an oath, even in the courts of justice, has been respected by granting the alternative of the right to affirm. The constitutional requirement respecting the rights of a religion have been their protection in this country, and the new draft measure makes an exception in their case, though not by name.

It should be added that the genuine Quakers have always found a way to help their country in time of war without engaging in actual conflict. They have gone to the French front, from England, in this war, to serve in the ambulance corps, though it is hinted that a good many of them have graduated from the ambulance service into actual fighting in the trenches, when brought face to face with the issues of the war.

But there are "conscientious objectors" of another stripe. In many cases where you scratch an "objector" you will find a pro-German. Some are pacifists who have found in conscientious objection the last ditch in which to fight their own country in time of war. Some are Socialists, whose conscientiousness does not oppose a bloody revolution to further their own principles, but always is shocked by war between nations.

Then, of course, there are the multitudes of cowards who would like to shield themselves from the draft by the ease-plea of conscience. Conscience does not make cowards of them, for they were so already.

Doubtless some trouble will be made by this in the application of the draft system, but Congress was wise not to make any wholesale exception in their cases. The intellectual crotchet of the wrong of killing men in battle does not amount with them to religious conviction. The strange part of the business is that their consciences are not sufficiently tender to revolt at the spectacle of other men fighting and dying in their places for their protection, and for the safety of their country. If the country is one worth living in, it is worth dying for. As these conscientious objectors have not seen fit to exile themselves from America, and many, especially of the Socialist persuasion, have left their own lands to enjoy the blessings of liberty in America, short shift should be made of them if objection proceeds to actual resistance. They should be put to work at hard labor to supply the troops with food and other equipment and made to do their part, and at the close of hostilities the nation should become too inhospitable a place for them to live in.

The noble words of Ben Hill, of Georgia, come to mind: "Who saves his country saves all things, saves himself, and all things saved do bless him; who lets his country die lets all things die, dies himself ignominiously, and all things dying curse him." There is still such a virtue as old-fashioned patriotism and the man who is too conscientious to exercise that virtue when his country calls for his services is too good for this world.

Like the Barbary Pirates
It is exactly a century this spring since the Java, commanded by Captain Perry, brought home to America the treaty with Algiers, which had been signed just before Christmas. This ended the long struggle of the civilized world with the Barbary pirates. Now, a hundred years later, a similar task, begun by other nations, now our allies, is laid upon us. In the words of Mr. Frank A. Munsey, "The responsibility of ridding the waters of the world of the submarine scourge falls upon America. America must accept the responsibility, must measure up to it and measure up to it quickly."

Gardner W. Allen, in his history of "Our Navy and the Barbary Corsairs," thus sums up the situation leading to the acceptance of that earlier task:
A few wise and far-seeing men knew what ought to be done, and urged it; but as always happens in such cases, the politicians and the people were slow to follow, giving the matter little thought, preferring measures which seemed easier and cheaper. At the moment, time was required to form a healthy, self-respecting public opinion.

We have had the time. Now we must act. The task is far harder than that of a century ago, as the foe is infinitely more resourceful. But America did her duty by her own people and served the rest of the world then, against all odds, and she must do it once more.

The American ability to subscribe for war funds at the rate of twenty million dollars an hour must make Germany's mouth water for that American indemnity which she cannot collect.

There are a good many "isms" that have been afflicting the country which will be powerless hereafter through having taken the wrong side of the war issue.

LETTERS TO THE TIMES
ON TOPICS OF THE DAY

Patriotism and National Service
Should Know No Class Lines.

TO TIMES READERS

The Times is receiving great numbers of letters from its readers. No communication which does not carry the name and address of the contributor will be used, but both will be considered confidential if request is made.

Publication will not be made of letters on untimely subjects or religious questions. It will not publish abusive personal attacks nor criticisms which the Times deems unwarranted by the facts as it knows them.

No record is kept of unpublished letters and none will be returned unless postage is inclosed.

To the Editor of THE TIMES:
Patriotism seems to be organizing along class lines in aristocratic Washington.

"Society Women to Get Experience by Giving Their First Aid"—The Times, May 3, page 7.

I insist that patriotism knows no class, without a patriots without a dollar, without a patriots without a place and unworthy any true American in the present instance.

While I can hand my children a straight record of eighty-seven, all-American grandfathers, membership into all the patriotic orders, proof of close relationship to five Presidents of the United States, numerous officers and lawmakers, my children are proud of the fact that we know our own history. My pride glories not in my collection of arms—some inherited from a great-grandfather, some purchased by the family of common people who could furnish at need a man like Samuel Adams! Thank God for their splendid common sense.

Let us drop these artificialities. I shall take my training side by side with the charwoman. I do not wish to be dainty-angled, and I shall take my orders from anyone who proves himself superior in human courage. NELL NANCE DAVENPORT.

Applauds War Editorials of The Times and Demands Action and Less Talk From Congress.

To the Editor of THE TIMES:
I want to congratulate you on some of your recent articles and editorials on the war situation, with respect to the duties and responsibilities of the United States, and especially the signed article by Mr. Munsey in The Times of May 3.

There appear to be a number of statesmen in Congress who think they can end the war by the conversational method, or by following down a rain cloud to frighten the central powers to death.

Uncle Sam has a big and urgent job on his hands, which calls for some quick action in the line of the mail and the head without the waste of time in haggling over trifles and non-essentials. It would not be surprising if there arose out of this war an insistent public demand for a rain cloud to frighten the central powers to death.

Keep it up. Get after the slackers in Congress as well as out of it. Show up the soft spots and weak points in the public will be sure to applaud your action.

J. M. THOMPSON.

Sons of Veterans Commander Points Out Absurdity of Doubting South's Loyalty.

To the Editor of THE TIMES:
I have read with a great deal of satisfaction your editorial of today regarding the Confederate Veterans. You are quite right, the Confederate Veterans and the South have ever been loyal to the United States.

The South's loyalty to this country what it has been since that time. The South's loyalty to this country what it has been since that time. The South's loyalty to this country what it has been since that time.

Allow me to express to you my sincere thanks in your expressions of Confederate loyalty, for the expressions that are well-founded and for the expressions that burn in the breast of every Confederate Veteran and every Son of a Confederate Veteran.

W. EVERETT BROCKMAN,
Division Commander, S. C. V.

Praises The Times for Its Opposition to Gag Rule Bill.

To the Editor of THE TIMES:
I have most severely criticized you for what I considered your unwarranted, unfair, and most shameful attack in your editorial columns on some of our ablest and most conscientious statesmen, and you were fair and mainly enough to publish my letter, for which I thank you.

I now wish to congratulate you on your very able editorial in this evening's Times, in which you expose the sinister intent of the fact that the American bill on its way now through Congress known as the "gag rule" bill.

I most sincerely hope the American people will rise up as one man and kill this thing or else demand passage to Russia.

I still have some faith in Congress, and I am hoping and praying they will not let this thing pass. I hope the people will not take kindly their attempts to mutilate our Constitution. A word to the wise should be sufficiently.

R. E. JONES.

PENNSYLVANIANS FEAST.

An entertainment was given members of the Pennsylvania Society at the eleventh anniversary of their organization in this city last night at the Pennsylvania Hotel.

From the Delaware to the Ohio was the subject of a talk by the Rev. Samuel T. Nicholas. Samuel H. Jacobson gave a recitation which was followed by a piano solo by Miss Freddie Marks. The program was in charge of J. S. Manning.

Plotted to Kill Crown Prince

Aged Widow, Aided by Neurotic Young Man, Sought Revenge For Ruin of Her Son, and Kaiser's Heir Almost Met Early End.

(Continued from First Page.)

Oh, la, la! Well, she has told the crown prince that you are her friend, and, in brief, has entirely fascinated her imperial highness.

What the grande matrone had told me was perfectly correct, for three days later a date was held, and as I entered the room I saw amid that gay assemblage the widow of the long-forgotten military hero talking quite familiarly with her imperial highness. To my utter amazement also, his majesty, the Emperor, in the gay uniform of the Third Regiment of Infantry of Saxony, advanced and smiled graciously upon her as she bowed as low as rheumatism and old age allowed.

The fascination which the shrill-voiced old woman exercised over "Crown Prince" (the crown prince) was quickly remarked, and, of course, quickly became more rife than ever, especially when, a week later, it was announced that she had actually been appointed a lady-in-waiting.

Puzzled About Prince.
The crown prince, too, soon became on friendly terms with her, and many times I saw them chatting together as though exchanging confidences. Why?

His highness, usually so utterly pliable toward ladies, given to snubbing even the highest born in the empire, was always smiling and gracious toward her.

"Can't make it," declared Von Behr, the chamberlain of the crown prince, one day two months later. "The old woman has the most complete control over his highness. Because she is a Jewess, the journey, we were going to Norway this year. Besides, since her appointment she has succeeded in plotting the dismissal of both Counts von Scheel-Plessen and Count von Helldorf."

"I know," I replied. I had been discussing it only a few hours before with Major von Amberg, aide-de-camp of the Prince of Eitel-Friedrich, and he had expressed himself mystified with the mysterious power exercised by the old woman in the yellow wig.

A Conversation in Italian.
One evening I went to the countess's house in the Stulerstrasse to a dinner party, at which there were present the crown prince, Admiral von Spee from Kiel, and Von Liebig, the Emperor's doctor, together with the old Duke von Trachenberg, who held the honorary and out-of-date office of grand counselor to the Emperor, and the eternal "Uncle" Zepelin.

With us were a number of ladies, including the Serene Highness, the Princess von Radolin and the Duchess von Ratibor, both ladies of the court of the Kaiser, and a few others of the ultra-smart set.

After the meal there was a small dance, and about midnight, after waiting with a pretty girl, the daughter of the Baron von Hatten, the crown prince, who was sitting at the piano, was stroled together into the fine winter garden with its high palms, its sparkling fountains, and its cunningly secreted electric lights.

Two persons were approaching somewhere behind us, conversing in Italian—a man and a woman. "Hush!" the man whispered. "Listen. Do you know Italian?"

"Alas! No," was her reply. "Do you?"

"I did not answer, for I had already recognized the voice of those of our hostesses and the crown prince. Next moment, however, my companion's quick ears caught that unmistakable accent," she exclaimed.

"It's the countess," she exclaimed. His highness and the little old lady-in-waiting seated themselves at a small table, and commenced a very confidential discussion in an undertone in the language in which, after German, I happened perhaps to be most proficient.

The pair were discussing some body named Karl Krahl. "I saw the Emperor today," declared the old woman in her shrill Italian, undoubtedly so that no one should understand, for Italian is seldom spoken in Germany. "His majesty shares my views now, though he did not do so at first. Indeed, I was very near being dismissed in disgrace when I first broached the affair. But, fortunately, he recognized the advantage of it—well, you know, eh?"

"Certo, Contessa," replied the crown prince, who speaks Italian extremely well. "I quite follow you, and I am sure of your argument."

"How shall we act?" asked the old woman. "It remains for you to devise a plan. At any moment matters may change, and the confidences exchanged by those who love each other, And remember, Krahl is in love."

The crown prince granted, but as several minutes passed, and the light of the pair broke off their confidential chat, and, rising, went out to supper.

Who was this Karl Krahl? I searched various directories, lists of persons engaged in the government offices in the Wilhelmstrasse, the Leipzigerstrasse, and Unter den Linden; I consulted the directory of the Reichstag, the well-known Detective Schenke, and Heinrich Weesener, assistant director of the secret service of the general staff, but nobody knew Karl Krahl. He seemed to be no record of him anywhere.

An Unexpected Caller.
In October I accompanied his imperial highness to Ballenstedt, the beautiful schloss in the Harz mountains. Here once or twice each season the crown prince and his most intimate friends to shoot in the forests of Steckenberg and the Lauenberg, and along that curious sandstone ridge known as the Heufeldmauer, or "Devil's Wall."

The guns consisted of five well-known officers from Berlin, together with Dr. Zeising, the master general of forests, and Lieutenant General von Oertzen, the fat old inspector general of cavalry. As usual, we all had a most enjoyable time.

On the third day, after a champagne luncheon taken at the forester's little house at Neue Schenke, we were about to resume our sport. Indeed, all the guests had gone outside, preparing to go to their allotted stations,

when the head forester entered, and addressing the crown prince, said: "There is a man to see your imperial highness, and refuses to leave. He gives his name as Karl Krahl."

His highness brows narrowed for a second, then, smiling affably, so clever was he, like his imperial father, in the concealment of his real feelings—he replied in peevish tone: "I will see him here."

Like English Tourist.
Next moment the person whom I had heard discussed so strangely in the little old woman's beautiful winter garden was ushered in.

He was dark-haired, aged about twenty-eight, I judged, with small, sharp features, dressed in a well-cut suit of gray country tweeds, and but for his German name I should have taken him for an English tourist, one of those familiar objects of the eye which are everywhere to be seen in peevish tone.

"Come in, Karl!" exclaimed the crown prince affably, as he grasped the visitor's hand. His highness did not often offer his manured hand to a stranger, and I was greatly surprised.

"The forester did not know you, of course. Well, I am very pleased to see you. Have you come straight here?"

"Quite right," laughed his highness, who turned to me and said: "Citizen, do you tell the others to go on—that I am detained for an hour on state business, and—and that I will join them as soon as possible."

He was a very pleasant man, and I was surprised. The forester did not know you, of course. Well, I am very pleased to see you. Have you come straight here?"

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